# coming in clear

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# coming in clear

by ForASecondThereWedWon

Summary

When Buck uses his bunk to hide the new radio, Bucky offers him a different place to sleep.

Notes

This was supposed to be a quick prompt fic on Tumblr, but I finished and realized it was a thousand words, so I thought I'd post it here too!

The prompts: **the feel of fingertips trailing over a bare shoulder blade + indigo skies just before dawn**

The first night after Buck had built the radio, Bucky woke up and rolled over to see his best friend sitting there in the dark.

“What you doing?” he mumbled.

His eyes were only half open, but he kept them trained on Buck’s shape until it grew more distinct. He was sitting where he’d been before, leaning against the wall next to the window. That wall would be freezing, especially this time of night—whatever time of night it was. Late enough that Bucky could hear quiet, heavy breathing from the racks above and below his own.

“Was scared I’d roll on the radio,” Buck explained, giving a shrug that was only the faintest rise and fall beneath the bulk of his scarf and coat.

Bucky closed one eye and dug his knuckle into the socket, trying to evict the sleep threatening to drag both his eyelids back down.

They hadn’t figured out a place for the new radio yet. After their old hidey-hole in the table leg had been discovered, they knew the next spot they chose would need to be damn near undetectable. Just for one night, they’d agreed on Buck’s plan to sleep with the thing in his bunk.

“Lie on your back and put it…” Bucky interrupted himself with a massive yawn that left his eyes watery. “…on your chest.”

“It’s cold.”

“Put it between your knees.”

“It’s *cold*. Last thing I need to do is shift in my sleep and freeze the damn thing to my balls.”

Bucky smiled sleepily at Buck’s annoyance.

“I don’t know why you’re smiling like that,” Buck complained.

“You’re cranky. You’re funny when you’re cranky.”

“I’m cranky because I haven’t slept.” Buck scraped a hand through his hair.

Bucky had a solution for that. He swung his arm loose and slapped the wooden side of his bunk. He slapped it a second time, not so hard,

after he heard rustling from the bunk below.

“Get in with me,” he whispered.

“There’s more room in a tin of sardines.”

“I can squish up real small.”

He heard Buck’s breathy laugh.

“Yeah, I bet.”

“C’mon, just try.”

With a reluctance Bucky would’ve accused Buck of faking if he’d been more awake, Buck rose from his seat and shook off his heavy coat, slinging it up onto the radio-free end of his own bunk. Buck peered at him in the dimness that was passing from pitch-black into indigo. He didn’t look at the window. He didn’t want to know how much night remained. He just watched Buck unwind the thick scarf, watched him unbutton his shirt, watched him stoop to remove his boots, then peel his undershirt off at the last second before he shuffled over to Bucky’s rack. Bucky wriggled towards the wall, angling his body so he didn’t knock his shelf. He patted the narrow space beside him in invitation. Buck took hold of the wooden frame, pulling himself up and into the bunk.

They were nose to nose, but Bucky ignored that, trying to wrap Buck into the rough wool blanket so they could share heat.

“You think we would’ve gone camping if we’d met as kids?” Bucky asked as he stuffed the edge of the blanket under Buck’s shoulder.

Buck’s expression went really fond and calm.

“Yeah, I think we would’ve.”

Bucky nodded and swallowed; he’d realized his arm might not be coming back. If he drew it towards his chest again, he’d probably yank the blanket out from under Buck. He was stuck, arm hovering over his friend, not quite holding him. It was stupid—it was war. They should share resources. He clenched his jaw and lowered his arm until it rested around Buck.

He didn’t need light to be able to tell how Buck’s eyelashes flickered at the contact. Their faces were close. Real close. Buck’s lashes were a

dark feathering Bucky wanted to feel on his fingertips. He felt hot air leave Buck's parted lips and puff against his cheek. He cleared his sleep-thickened throat.

"You warm enough?"

"Getting there."

Tentatively, Bucky tensed his arm, definitely hugging Buck against him now. And Buck moved into it. The heat. Bucky started to feel bad that he was still wearing his shirt. It wouldn't have been about the sensation of Buck's bare chest pressed to his, it would've been about… no. Fuck. He wanted to feel it. He wanted to carry the memory into the morning, the afternoon, the evening, and all the rest of the days of this war. He wanted to remember what it was like when neither of them had yet stood at the animal trough-like sink to get their pitiful daily wash with a grimy shard of soap, he wanted Buck's unclean skin. He wanted to inhale and know what they smelled like together, even as Buck gradually took on the scent of *his* bed, *his* blanket, *his* skin.

He hadn't minded Buck's prodding elbow—he had his arms folded between them—but as they got warm, as they did a flirtatious back-and-forth dance with sleep, Buck freed an arm, stretched until his elbow cracked, and then settled it around Bucky's waist.

"Sleep, John," he muttered, because, somehow, he knew Bucky wasn't.

Bucky had his palm pressed to Buck's back, fingers spread so he was practically clutching him close. He forced himself to relax his grip. He adjusted his head on his half of the pillow. They eased into one another. Buck's knees got a little bend to them and, even though they were facing each other, Bucky managed to accommodate them, sliding his own legs until the limbs might've all belonged to one person, they arranged so naturally. It felt natural, too, to allow his touch to skim across Buck's back. He traced over vertebrae like a car cresting hills on a Sunday drive. He stroked Buck's shoulder blade and gripped so his fingers fit into the valleys between Buck's ribs. Buck's breathing turned steady and deep. Stealthy as a robber, Bucky crept his hand all across Buck's skin, marvelling, as he plummeted into unconsciousness, at the delicacy of this assemblage of parts.

Like a homemade radio.

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